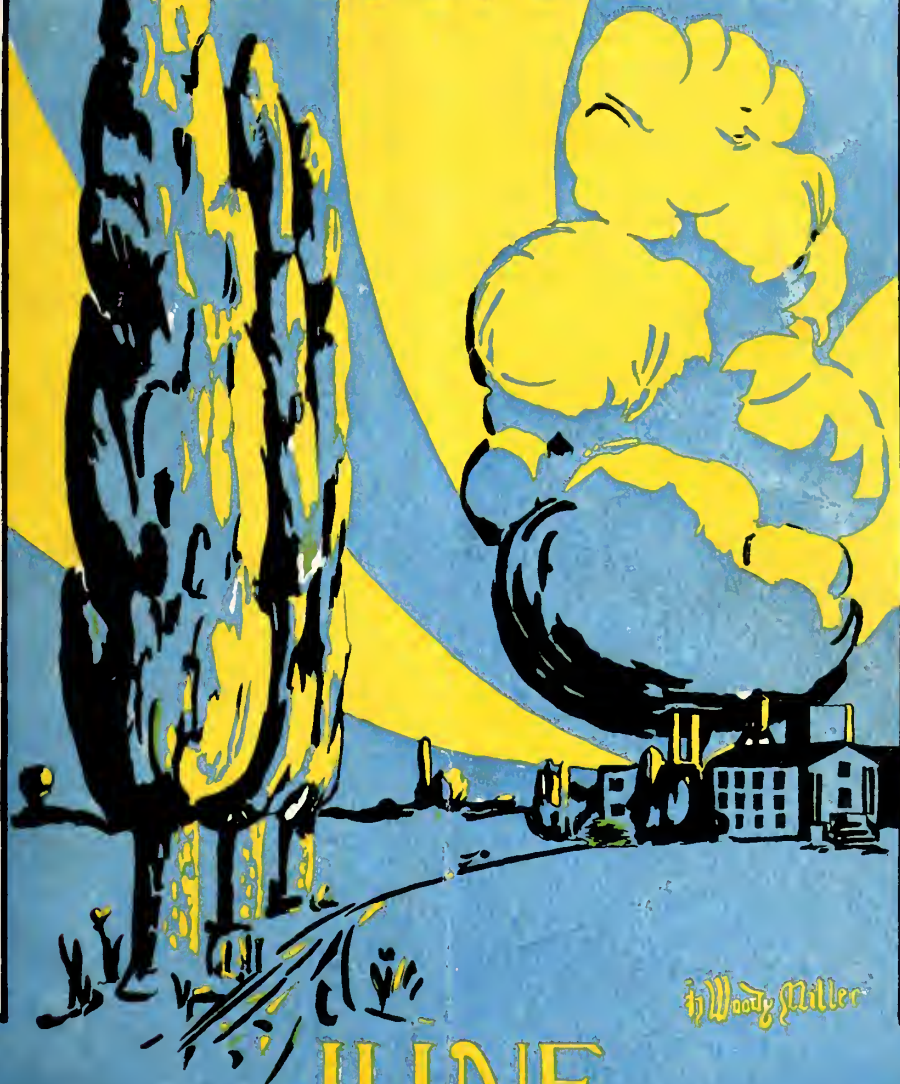



ARSENAL CANNON

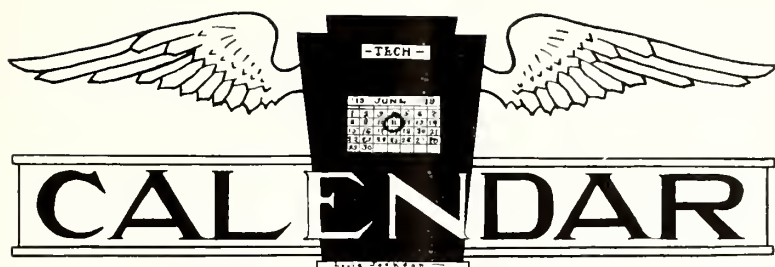


by Woody Miller

JUNE
1919



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- Feb. 3—On to battle. "Heavens, there are three conflicts on my slip."
- Feb. 4—We are initiated into the mysteries of the sponsor hour.
- Feb. 5—Twelve period schedule. The full significance dawns.
- Feb. 6—Myra Majors almost upsets Francis Elmdorf's proverbial calm in her attempt to make him subscribe for the CANNON.
- Feb. 7—Freshman are overcome by a deafening report from the CANNON.
- Feb. 10—Raymond Rawitsch and George Seidensticker prove such an inspiration to Miss Bussard that she decides she must have them near her desk.
- Feb. 11—At Teachers' Meeting they decide that it would not be good for us to have a holiday.
- Feb. 12—So we go to school on Lincoln's Birthday.
- Feb. 13—And nothing happened the day after.
- Feb. 14—And Frances Hunt was almost kissed in Expression.
- Feb. 17—Our fates were signed when we made out our program cards.
- Feb. 18—A certain faculty member begins her novel, "Trials of a Roll Room Teacher."
- Feb. 19—Not a single person takes a front seat in Roll Call in 20.
- Feb. 20—Rain at Tech, and old feature much over-emphasized.
- Feb. 21—The Cannon Factory manages to grind forth another issue.
- Feb. 24—Miss Sewell finds the path of a music teacher is not strewn with roses if Charles Daily happens to be in the class.
- Feb. 25—Aw say! Didn't something happen today?

Feb. 26—B-rrr. The thermometer falls and the girls in ox-fords shiver.

Feb. 27—Sponsor hour and no eighth-hour period.

Feb. 28—Do you want a ticket for the sectional meet? Of course.

Mar. 3—We get some grades.

Mar. 4—More grades. Good—Bad—Indifferent.

Mar. 5—Everybody begins to thrill at the thought of the tournament.

Mar. 6—Sectional meet. Tech beats Fischer's Station.

Mar. 7—Yell practice fourth hour.

Mar. 8—We are defeated by Shortridge, but were surely good losers.

Mar. 10—Slowly recovering from the tournament and sore throats.

Mar. 11—Vivian Willis at last gets the "Ye Gods" fever. (Miss Farman brought it out this morning.)

Mar. 12—A freshman remarks that her cousin from De Hoof is visiting them. We think she meant De Pauw.

Mar. 13—Clarence Drayer forgot to duck when he went through the door of the Annex and almost ruined himself for life.

Mar. 14—The January '20 Seniors need reforming. Those involved in scandal and dice are Jack Jones, Kenneth Dynes and Nathan Van Osdel.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day. Tech always wears green.

Mar. 18—If it happened we'd like to know it.

Mar. 19—Miss Binninger explains the difference between argument and quibbling to George and Angeline.

Mar. 20—Everybody turns out for the Girls Monogram Game. The Whites win.

Mar. 21—January '20 Seniors hold first meeting. Importance! That's all over, Juniors.

Mar. 24—Mr. Lageman interrupting a fight, "Here, leave that boy's hat alone. There's nothing in it."

Mar. 25—Harold Wadsworth almost forgets to be conceited.

Mar. 26—Senior play tryouts.

Mar. 27—More tryouts. —

Mar. 28—Senior party held while envying sophomores and freshmen go on to class.

Mar. 31 to Apr. 7—Spring vacation.

-
- Apr. 8—The lessons are worse than ever.
- Apr. 9—Margaret Heller begins her famous tragedy in which Harold Wadsworth is starred as the dark, damp villain.
- Apr. 10—Staff members are mistaken for inmates of the woman's prison.
- Apr. 11—Staff still paralyzed from yesterday's shock.
- Apr. 13—Mr. Gorman again baffles his third hour class as to whether he is a Republican or Democrat.
- Apr. 14—Another telephone call for Emory Baxter the first period.
- Apr. 15—Some one christens the path from the Arsenal to the Office "The Holy Path."
- Apr. 16—Absolutely nothing happened.
- Apr. 17—Donald Delbrook is late to News English for the seventeenth time. He is quite proud of his record.
- Apr. 18—Tree Day exercises. Tech wins over Shortridge and Richmond in track meet.
- Apr. 21—Louis Jackson read a current event about somebody's death so solemnly that Miss Bussard declares he should be an undertaker.
- Apr. 22—Announcement of Commencement made. Hurry up, Seniors!
- Apr. 23—Our military band led the parade in honor of Rear-Admiral Sims and Secretary Glass.
- Apr. 24—Seniors warned to step lively and get their pictures taken. John Sterling thinks it seems conceited to go to a photographer.
- Apr. 25—Triangular Track Meet at Willard Park—Manual, first; Tech, second; Brownsburg, third.
- Apr. 28—Class Day officers chosen. Mildred Heller's prophetic bones begin to worry her.
- Apr. 29—Our former editors—Minnie Brown and Helen Newman—return to their happy hunting ground just to see how this June CANNON is progressing.
- Apr. 30—Too busy chasing ideas to record any news.
- May 1—Laurence Neidlinger makes a perfectly thrilling speech in Room 20. From whence his inspiration?
- May 2—Book Drive goes over the top—4,080. Our track team defeats Frankfort.
- May 5—Extra! Ted Campbell forgot to kiss Angeline when the proper time came and had to be reminded.

May 6—Practice for Battalion review. No ninth period.

May 7—Welcome Home Day. No school. Everybody happy.

May 8—Everyone is so tanned or sunburned that Tech looks like an Indian reservation.

May 9—The Seniors who made speeches for the play hold a meeting.

May 12—Hertha Schotters breezed into Expresson only to say, "This is Better English Week, ain't it."

May 13—Everybody is tagged—"Can you stand the test?"

May 14—The Senior play tickets go on sale—"Slip'er over."

May 15—First outdoor rehearsal of Supreme Day Exercises.

May 16—Better English programs in Room 29 and the Gym.

May 17—Tech loses the Sectional to Manual by $2\frac{1}{2}$ points.

May 19—Advanced marks and many a curtain lecture at home, to say nothing of some gentle admonitions from the faculty.

May 20. Class play not a week off.

We think we'd rather be Ted Campbell than the whole band.

May 21. Battalion drill. That famous charge of the light brigade had nothing on the maneuvers of Company B.

May 22. Supreme Day. Sure it rained. Bess Hartley and Alice Eikenberry drop in to cheer us up. Grand parade and pageant postponed.

May 23. Senior play. Trix Bates finds her calling.

May 26. Dwight Isgrigg, Marion Croft, Elsworth Boyer, and Glendore Craig stage a court trial in English.

May 27. Supreme Day celebration staged for a number of distinguished guests.

May 28. The lunch room finds it will be possible to serve hash tomorrow—Mr. Morgan lunches at home.

May 29. Class Day.

May 30. Decoration Day.

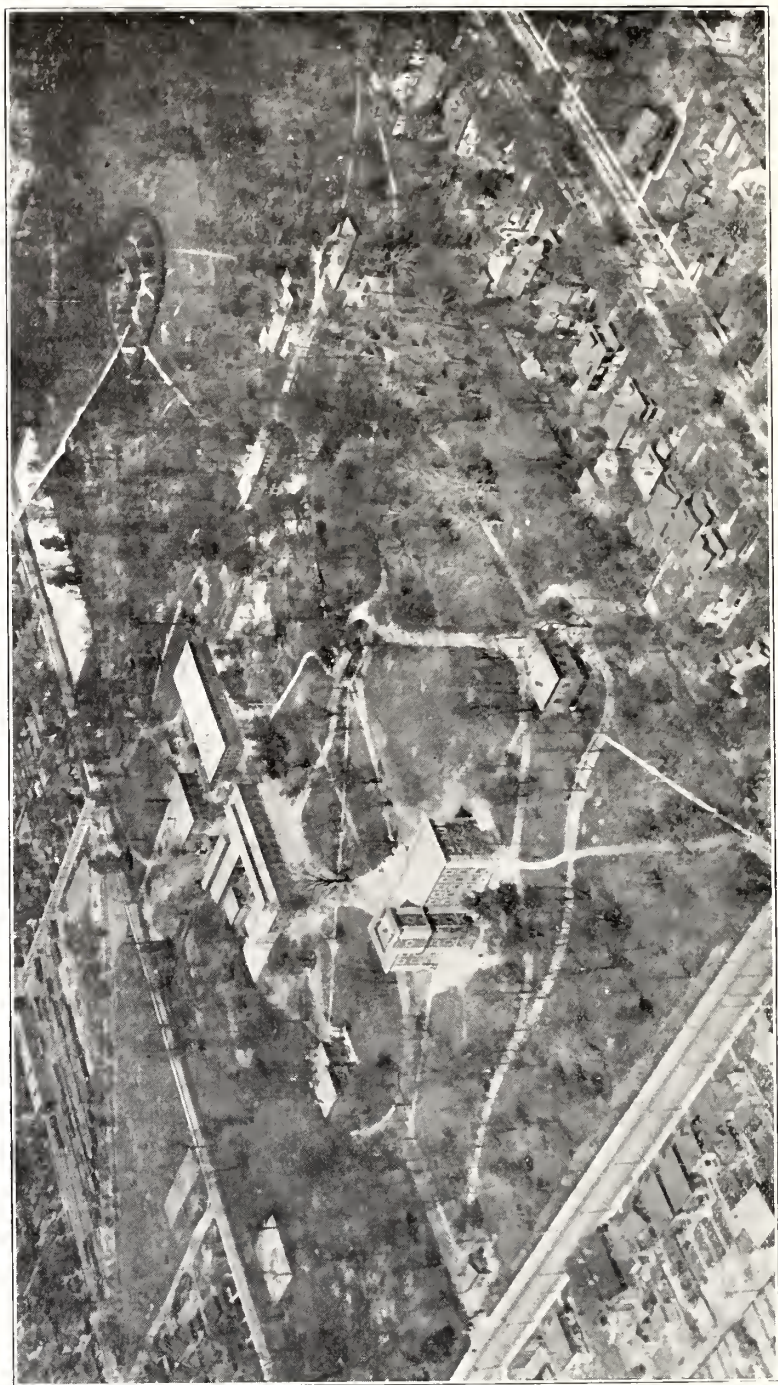
June 2. Incoming freshmen study slips arrive—740. Yea, Tech.

June 3. Interesting facts about interesting people. Crawford Mott likes fudge sundaes and strawberry blondes.

June 4. Class picnic. Dancing until six and then a **real** picnic feed.

June 5. Commencement. Flowers—gifts—honors, and the world in a big brown envelope—but—somehow, we wish we were back at Tech!





Arsenal Technical Schools viewed from an airplane, 1500 feet above the campus.



Harold O. Day
Treasurer



George Seidenslicker
Pres,



Dorothy Jane Black
Secretary



Doris Dean Carr
Poet



Angeline M. Bales
Y. Pres



E. Russell Scree
Song Writer



Mildred Willis Heller
Prophet



John Sterling
Will-Maker



Jean McAllister
Sergeant-at-Arms



Nellie Donovan
Historian



Louie Jackson



Herchell Woody Miller
Artist



Ralph W. Murphy



Charles Bridges



Dorothy Allen Daily



Forrest Kirschman



Dwight Kenfrew



Martha Borgstede



Ivan Overman



Harold Barton



Harmon Snook



Russell Keller



Annette Parlow



Cecil Zinkan



Margaret James



Clarence Abraham



George Allen



Amelia Beyle



Thelma Baker



Thomas Buskirk



Marcia Beeler



Ralph Bailey



Dorothea Beck



Ralph Burt



Shaffer Berkshire



Thelma Burgess



Emory Baxter



Marion Breadheft



Walter Forchering



Marjorie Burnhill



Helen Brown



Wendell Carson



James Critzer



Esther Chambers



Vivian Cook



Lynn Cordes



Ruth Craig



Ted Campbell



Thelma Creager



Margaret Cook



Lucille Cordes



Kathleen Dyer



Francis Dallow



William Dickert



Maude Duncan



Louise Dinean



Francis Elmendorf



Ruth M. Enrich



Frederic Ernst Jr.



Shirley F. Eade



Earl A. Fertig



Helen Free



Hilda Foreberger



Floyd Fults



Charles Felters



Harriet Finchout



Marian Ferguson



Helen Trent



Alberta Gramse



Nell Green



Helen M. Guild



Frances E. Hunt



Elizabeth Hudson



Myra E. Harper



Frank M. Hopper



Edna Hadfield



Ethleen Hughes



Mary E. Hanger



Grace Harbold



Creston Henderson



Margaret M. Hale



Carl Hofmeister



Ruth E. Hacker



Johanna Holmes



Jean Hoffman



Eva Koopman



Lorrain Kattau



Donald Kennedy



Ruth Kiser



Doris Kirkman



Harold Liebtay



Clara Lawler



Edward Leach



Virginia Losey



Lawrence Lang



Hazel Melone



Crawford Mott



Nellie Mollenkopf



Mary Mehrlich



Harold Miller



Wilhelmina Maas



Myra E. Majors



Joseph Meunier



John Miller



Ralph Miller



George L. Mvench



Alice J. Murray



Jerome Murphy



Emerson Newhouse



Elsa Nordman



Arthur L. O'Connor



Harold Prange



Harry Pearce



Helen Perry



Lucille Riley



Clarence Schulz



Josephine Schmitt



Thelma Schiffman



Nellie Swords



Hertha Schollers



Everett Schreiner



Edna Sachs



Florence Strawn



Vida L. Steloff



Frances Stephenson



Harold Scheille



May Shimer



Dorothy Sherer



Garford Sperlin



Grace Sreece



Raymond Rawlsch



Leona Rusie



Esther Rasbach



Leona Rau



Irvin Reynolds



Louis Reynolds



Fern M. Righthouse



Doris Rinker



Eloise Richardson



Roscoe M. Rea



Isabel Russell



Gertrude Sparks



Raymond Stewart



Gladys Shaneberger



Esther Sullivan



Thelma Smith



Francois Schaub



J. Walter Wilson



Helen M. Walsh



Elsa Vahle



Helen Webster



Vivian Willis



Mildred Vahle



Edward Wolfley



Ruth Woody



Helen Walsh



Harold Wadsworth



Nellie Warren



Wilma Tully



Mary Woods



Corporal John A. Watkins



Geo. F. Lawler



Wilbur Rusie



Harry D. Brown



Harry Tomlinson



Arthur Marquette



Ralph Gullett
who made the
Supreme Sacrifice
for his Country



Kenneth Jetteries



Roy Langdon



Fred Finchout



Albert Daugherty

Boys in Service



Earl Wise

In Merrie Days of Robin Hood

(A Class Day Fantasia)

Enter Two Robin Hood Men.

1st boy: What think you of our day's work? Does it not bid fair to be one of the best we have put in before light of moon?

2nd boy: By my faith, it was a good day! How lightly was the Lady Stoy loosed of her bag of tardy slips!

1st boy: And Sir Gorman only too readily parted with his government charts. Well for him, that his leather-covered legs were trained to exceed Little John's sturdy threats. But hark! What manner of person advanceth from yon thicket? See that dark cloak thrown around a slight figure. There is perchance money beneath the innocent folds.

2nd boy: Let us hie ourselves behind the underwood. Haste—lest we be seen!

Enter Historian, Nellie Donovan.

(Two Robin Hood men pounce upon figure, one holding to each shoulder.)

2nd boy: Surrender your charge! We are the deliverers of the oppressed school pupils, who ease every classmate of burden.

1st boy: Wherefore answer thou not, knave? Why can'st thou not show thy face? Speak, or by St. Dunstan, I will rend the cursed cloak asunder, thou dummy!!

Historian drops paper accidentally on the ground

2nd boy: A-ha! By St. George! A valuable packet! But what is this? Can'st thou read it comrade? (To first boy).

1st boy: It is as foreign to me as yon flowers are to plucking hands. What mean this? Answer, or by heaven thou shalt suffer! (Boy roughly pulls aside cloak and reveals face, cape comes off, letting historian's long hair fall down).

1st and 2nd boys: A Lady!!!

1st boy: Why treadest thou this lonely path at so late an hour? The sun's rays have not long to tarry.

Historian: Mercy, good man, mercy! Here in this purse you will find all the money I have.

2nd boy: It is not our custom to part a peaceable lady and her last means of purchasing necessities. (Refuses money). But read us this strange paper, truthfully, and we'll send you safely on your way.

Historian: I can do you no good, but I'll give you my word of honor that this be the contents: (Historian reads).

HISTORY OF JUNE 19's

We, the June '19 class of Knights and Ladies, entered the Merry Greenwood Forest of the Arsenal Technical Schools in the fall of '15, but we had to pass three ranks before achieving the distinction of becoming Knights and Ladies.

The first year we were known as Verdants. We worked hard, and as the tests came up and challenged us we had many a stiff bout and there was much cracking of heads (heads of the tests). But do not think our time was always engaged in battle. We had our good times, one of which was our participation in the Shakespearean May Day Celebration on May 9th of the year '16.

When we returned the next fall we found several changes. The Shop Annex had been completed and we could now rest our bones on something else besides the well known crack between two seats. The Lunch Room was being built and later in the spring it was at last finished.

Junior Year! We had not much further to go. That year called forth much war activity. Red Cross work, Liberty Bond and Thrift Stamp sales kept every one busy.

Senior Year! Now indeed could we be dubbed Knights and Ladies. Our fall term was very much broken up. Soldiers had possession of our forest at first. Later a great scourge came upon us and gripped many of our members. We were not allowed to be together, for in this case it was better to hang separately than to hang together.

Military training was one of the new features of the year. Bands would go out on skirmishing expeditions and even capture a snake or two. Such wild animals as squirrels might be disturbed, but our boys were not afraid and the lashing of a squirrel's tail meant nothing to them.

On December 12, of the year '18, our group of Knights and Ladies held its first court. Sir George of Seidensticker was chosen president, Lady Angeline of Bates, vice-president; Sir Harold of Day, treasurer; Lady Dorothy of the House of Black, secretary, and later Sir Jean McAllister was appointed sergeant-at-arms. Now we were organized, we had brought our members together. We were well armed and were eager to go forth on any adventure which confronted us. Moreover with two able advisers and counselors we could not help but win success.

On Friday afternoon, March 28, we Knights and Ladies held gay court.

There were amusement, singing, acting, dancing and dining,
Too fast the hours rolled by and we were repining
Because an end had come to our gay good time;
But such is not so, for such end'll never come
To us who are always so full of fun.

Ah, we love our Forest even as thou, Robin Hood. On April 22, our Tree Day, we dedicated a portion of our wood to the Tech boys who had taken part in the Great War. Four of them had died and for each of these we planted a tree. Four of our own warrior Knights planted the trees. Each had at the call, girded on his armour and had ridden out to battle. Sir Ted rode out valiantly on the fields of Europe to fight against the frightful hordes of Huns; Sir Ivan went to the Southlands; Sir Francis went North to learn how to sail on the high seas, and Sir Harold betook himself to capturing messages as they came through the air. And now they had come riding back victorious.

Gay festivities ended our Senior year. How we hate to leave our Merry Greenwood; but, Robin Hood, we must go. Each of us has his particular work to do. Keep us no longer I pray thee.

1st boy: Quite so, it is of little material value to us.

2nd boy: Thou shalt have safe escort to the edge of the wood. Just beyond the second oak tree three honest knaves are idling. Tell them that I command them at thy service.

1st boy: God speed you, my fair Lady.

2nd boy: Good luck attend you.

(Exit Historian. Enter Poet, Doris Carr and Prophet, Mildred Heller.)

What means this? More trouble has come flying down Lilac Lane, I'll wager.

1st and 2nd boys: Halt!

1st boy: And why art **thou** out unattended?

2nd boy: Speak, for no mortal passes without an account of his business.

Prophet: Oh, good sir, we have this day been lost from our party. Can'st thou lend aid?

1st boy: What party came thou from?

Poet: From the party of the Lady Bantock, sir.

2nd boy: Your party, my good woman, is resting not four score rods from this very spot.

1st boy: (To Poet) You must have talent, coming from such a distinguished party! Can'st thou give us a moment's entertainment?

Poet: I have here but a simple poem. The ink is not yet dry upon the scroll. Wouldst thou care to hear it?

1st and 2nd boy: Indeed.

(Poet reads).

THE NEW DAY.

This is the Day—

We meet it!

We greet it!

With banners unfurled

We face the whole world.

Eager and anxious

Too restless to stay,

The spirit of youth

Will show us the way,

Into the world,

Our tasks to perform,

With a heart full of gladness,

We greet the new morn.

We Seniors of Tech, in the year nineteen,

Seek the realm of our ambition, our dream.

1st and 2nd boy: A right lofty rhyme!

1st boy: (To Prophet) Canst thou equal it?

Prophet: That which I love best, sir, is the reading of the stars. I can tell you of the fate of many people whom you know.

(Reads Prophecy.)

PROPHECY OF JUNE '19 GRADUATING CLASS

That which I love best sir, is the reading of the stars. I can tell you the fate of many people whom you know.

First of all there flashes across my vision that fond president, Lord George of Seidensticker. He traveled for most a year, 'tis said and is now a famous archer.

Our lovable Nellie Donovan finds herself very happy in her betrothal to a worthy knight

John Sterling, the born thrall of the King, has become the chief jester at the court.

A most desperate outlaw of the day is Cecil Zinkan. Many times have his trickks worried the noted yoeman, Harmon Snoke.

Sir Floyd Fults travels far and near, not for the glory but for his well being. Angeline Bates, Lady Bantock of Bantock Hall, as they do call her, is not happy in her castle.

Annette Partlow is chief prioress at the Partlow Nunnery in which a number of the class girls are nuns.

Clara Lawler, having a great longing to see the world is traveling in disguise. Her real name is Lady Rolentando.

Sir Dwight Mendenhall, a champion at the tournament, selected our fair Lady Josephine Schmidt as the queen of love beauty.

Francis Elemndorf, archbishop of Canterbury, employs in his services Ted Campbell, chief of the butlers.

The Miller twins, underlings in the archbishop's household, find much reason, owing to their remarkable resemblance, for tricks on the chief.

Ruth Craig and Jean Hoffman have won fame in their ability to relieve the sick by the use of herbs.

Helen Trent, Hertha Schotters, and Elizabeth Hudson spent their time riding their prancing steeds to and from the tournaments in various parts of the country.

Charles, the magician of the day, findeth great pleasure in acting spells of magic over the court.

Marion Breadheft and Lucille Riley furnished the music while Dorothy Black, Johanna Holmes, and Wilhelmina Maas danced for the entertainment of the queen and her attendants.

Raymond Rawitsch and Emory Baxter, attendants of the king, were found one moonlight night serenading two ladies of nobility. The stars, however, have failed to reveal to me the identity of the ladies.

I think now of an incident I heard concerning some members of the class. A right goodly number of ladies—Lady Martha Borgstede, Lady Mary Elizabeth Hanger, Lady

Doris Carr, and Lady Ruth Emerich—were carried away by a band of robbers. Their leader was none other than the bold Edward Wofley. The ladies never returned and we know not where to search for them.

Dwight Renfrew is honored to the degree of being char-ioteer for his Lordship.

Lady Frances Hunt is a noted costumer. She designs her Ladyship's gowns, and often in spare time patterns various modes of hair dressing.

Thelma Baker is of great use in the court where she tutors the young ladies in fine needle work.

Lady Grace Harbold and Lady May Shimer have developed into hunters and at the class hunt they are quite welcome.

Harold Wadsworth, e'en though a swine herd, finds some time to devote to the writing of poetry. Since so men have this ability we firmly believe that Sir Wadsworth may some day find great honor awaiting him.

Harold Day, a runner for the king, can carry a message from the palace to a certain small hamlet five miles away in five minutes.

Russell Screes and J. Walter Wilson are pages to Harold Barton.

Lorraine Kattau and Lucille Cordes fashion bonnets for the queen. The great number of bonnets which the queen requires is the means of keeping them both busy.

Squires Lawrence Lang is a fair judge. His trials are conducted in the best manner possible.

2nd boy: Ye have honored us, most gracious of the fair sex.

1st boy: Right well hast thou earned thy to safety to the green beyond. We as your guides, shall take you to your party.

(Exit Poet, Prophet and Two Robin Hoods)

(Two new Robin Hood men enter).

1st boy: See! The colors in the sunset are fit enough pay for for Robin Hood's men.

2nd boy: By thy troth! Viewed from the woods of our noble school, it is doubly beautiful. (Will writer, John Sterling, has been trying to slip past them while their backs were turned. They turn.)

1st boy: Move not an inch, or this arrow shall see daylight through thy carcass.

(Will writer paralyzed).

Will writer: And I had owned a bow, I would have gazed first at the sunset through **your** ill-protected frame.

1st boy: Such impudence does not behove a man facing a straight arrow poised on a bow.

Will writer: What be the game, knaves of the forest Money———I have little, but if———ah, there comes mine own friend. (Points back of two Robin Hood followers. No one there. Two boys turn and will writer tries to make escape).

2nd boy: (1st and 2nd boy catching him). Swift legs hast thou, but swifter be our hearing. Shy visage is strangely familiar. Ah, I have it! Thou art he of the sly-tongued law-

yer's fame whose very presence in the court room indicates real death to the opposing side. Dost thou deny it?

Will writer: (Bowing low in mockery). Great honor, do I deem it, to be recognized by such exclusive society of the forest.

1st boy: Knowest thou it is fatal to poke fun at any of our band?

Will writer: I deny the charge of poking fun, but couldst desist from poking my ribs?

1st boy: (To second boy). The late Sir Tech of Nicalshire was to have willed our merry band a goodly sum. The man, I wager, hast with him that will.

2nd boy: Search him! (Will writer resists while they search.)

2nd boy: The sly fox will deceive. Look well, comrade.

1st boy: (Looks in hat). By St. George of merry England! (Finds will, hands to will writer). Open and read all else thy neck shall answer. (Let the will writer go.) Will writer reads.

HARKEN, GOOD FRIENDS.

In the name of the King of the Stuarts, we the renowned Seniors scholars of the great school in the King's Court near Nottingham Town, being of sound mind and memory, and considering the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life do therefore make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament.

First, we order and direct that the exchequer of the treasury pay all just debts accumulated during the last forty days as soon after our departure as conveniently may be.

Second, we give, devise and bequeath unconditionally unto the coming worthy seniors scholars the major portion of our possessions, to wit, our magnificent spirit, the grandeur which dazzled said nobles during the late book campaign.

Third, do we, the stout of sinew and bold of heart, bequeath to the junior scholars our feeling of utter disregard for the serfs of tender years who are entering into their first year of servitude in the Hall of Learning; and to the freeman, who have had one year of combat in the lists of learning, do we bequeath our cunning, which we used so successfully to harass and annoy the serfs during our early encounters.

Fourth, we give to the serfs a part of the wisdom which we feel we have accumulated during our score of months of conquest for knowledge, the aforesaid to be held in trust until

they have reached the state of freeman, when they may use it as they choose.

Fifth, does Knight George of Seidensticker, our leader and our chief, give and bequeath his bashful manners, his favor in the Court and three fortnightly visits with the Lady "Peach" to yeoman Clarence Drayer.

Sixth, Knight Harold Day bequeaths the small pair of — that is, to wit, the things with which he doth maintain the court treasury to Lord Herbert Lamb, who he avows canst use them well without further instruction.

Seventh, Lady Angeline Bates doth bestow upon Squire Marion Greenspan a just share of her dramatic qualifications, with the hope, forsooth, that he will prove to be as great as Lady Angeline in the next year's tournament.

Eighth, to those deep thinkers in the night school of astronomy and all the other arts, doth Lady Dorothy Black bequeath that which, although she will not tell what it is, she avows will illuminate the grounds at night without the aid of torches.

Ninth, we give, and bequeath to Friar Harry Traylor, Prior Harold Wadsworth's serious manner and ready command of the court language, aforesaid qualities which he hath maintained with, no one knows how much hardship, throughout his two-score months at court, to be used to great advantage by Friar Harry.

Tenth, we bequeath to Lady Elouise Russ, the puffs of Lord Campbell's height; and to Lady Jeanette Colgrove, a wee portion of Lady Mildred of Heller's dynamic nature.

Eleventh, Lord Louie Jackson doth bequeath the solemn expression which he doth maintain, to Sir Howard Foltz, when in sooth, said youth shall have attained the age of eighteen. Knight Harold Scheithe doth give his fleetness of foot to Sir Donald Steeg, for fain would he have Sir Donald do the king's bidding in right good time.

Twelfth, we do bestow on Lord Richard of Murray, a pocket of Helen Creager's A's and to Lady Marie George, Lady Helen Walsh's mode of walking; and to Baron S. B. Van Arsdale a soft rubber ball donated by Lord Robert Thatcher, the ball, forsooth, guaranteed to have no pugalistic tendencies.

Thirteenth, Knight Emory Baxter doth give, devise and bequeath the seat which he hath long reserved during the early hour of the day, in the corridor before the throne room of King Stuart, to Baron Stewart Stout, who hath already learned its value. Knight Charles Bridges bequeathes his

powers as magician to Sir Scott Ham, for he would fain see Sir Scott strive with this art, said person having displayed already his ability in the management of his tooth.

Fourteenth, Lady Johanna Holmes bequeathes her dancing ability to Sir Robert Tschaegle; Knight Dwight of Mendenhall giveth his frown to Nathan Van Arsdal with the wish that said Rawitsch leaveth to Lady Anna Geran his poetic ability which frown shall be used with discretion, and Lord Raymond he displayed so remarkably when, to-wit, he wrote a touching ditty on the life of the Father of his country.

Fifteenth, Knight Franics de Elmendorf bequeathes his comb and bottle of vaseline to Sir Donald Delbrook; Lady Nellie Donovan giveth her voice to Lady Catherine Phillips so that the future masques at the court canst be as successful as they have been up to said date; and Lady Annette Partlow bequeathes her love of sports to Lady Helen Roitaire.

Sixteenth, the following named persons, to wit, Lady Frances Hunt, Lady Clara Lawler, Lady Elizabeth Hudson, Lady Helen Trent, Lady Elizabeth Wheat and Lady Garford Sperlin leaveth to Don McCollough, the art of eating much and hurriedly, said art having been acquired during the days of preparation prior to the days of senior scholars masque.

Lastly, do we make, constitute and appoint Sir Walter Shirley to be executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we have unto subscribed our name and affixed our seal this the —— day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eleven hundred and eighty-seven.

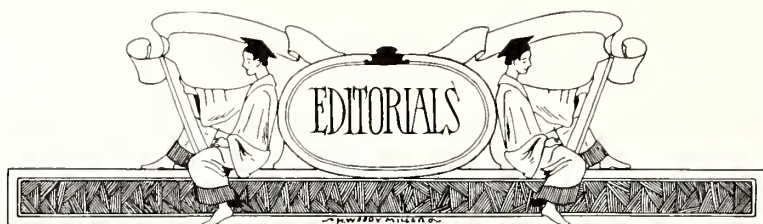
2nd boy: But what of the money? Thou hast deceived us! (Wandering minstrels with song write, Russell Scree, at head, spied in the distance whistling class tune). Not one step shalt thou stir until the truth contents of the original will is given.

1st boy. Hark! The best wandering minstrel in all England approaches. (To song writer). And what be that merry tune you so lightly whistle? I fain would hear it sung.

Song writer: We have this hour finished our task and so demand it soothing at twilight to sing. (To minstrel): Well gladly do it—is it not so comrades? (All sing).

OUR TECH HIGH—GOODBYE.

Song writer: (Pointing to audience). 'Tis time that all ye knights and ladies make the woods echo with that tune. (All sing).



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Indianapolis, June 6, 1919.

Tech has succeeded this semester from almost every point of view. Due to the short fall term, the spring months have been hard ones but the co-operation of the faculty and student body thrust the difficulties in the background. Probably a greater per cent of students have excelled in their studies this year than ever before. The gulf between the vocational and academic departments is narrowing and the decided advance made by the vocational boys has caused them to take an interest in school activities which before they considered out of their sphere.

Tech's participation in athletics has been especially conspicuous and in every line, including basketball, baseball and track, have we loyally and fairly defended the school colors.

The art department deserves special credit this term. Besides designing all the costumes used by the girls for the Supreme Day program, they decorated the costumes worn in the dances at the monogram game.

The publicity given the school during the exhibition of the model of Greater Tech, better English week, book campaign athletics, Supreme Day, and various other programs has kept the Arsenal Technical Schools almost constantly before the public eye. It is a telling test and Tech passed with her green and white banner flying victoriously.

THEIR FUTURE CALLINGS.

Francis Elmendorf	Traffic cop
Rose Corcoran	Nothin' much
Robert Spillman	Piper
Edith Martin	Chief side-show
Mary Elizabeth Hanger	Candy peddler
Charles Bridges	Hoodoo magician
John Sterling	Reg'lar detective
Margaret Brick	Tight rope-walker
Miss Crippen	Lion tamer
Etheleen Hughes	Auctioneer
Laurence Neidlinger	Soapbox orator
Emory Baxter	Book agent
Thomas Buskirk	Leather coat advertiser
Albert Thomas	Carrot-colored cherub
Walter Wilson	War trophy collector
Dorothy Mueller	Spinster
Thomas Batchlor	Probably his name
Frank Trost	Movie photographer
Marion Greenspan	Attorney
Frances Brown	Old maid pedagogue



TECH'S MILITARY BAND



Battalion Review



SENIOR PLAY A REAL SUCCESS.

"The play was splendid—the best ever," was the judgment of all who saw "The New Lady Bantock," which was presented in matinee and night performances, May 23, at the Masonic Temple.

The plot was a rollicking comedy. It was a happy vehicle for the portrayal of the unusual talent of Angeline Bates who played the title role. From the beginning to the last curtain, she was monarch of all she surveyed including her adoring husband, Lord Bantock (Francis Elmendorf).

The strenuously dignified part of the austere butler, uncle of Lady Bantock, was easily played by Ted Campbell. John Sterling, as his awkward and somewhat mischievous son, was



Supreme Day 1919

the cause of many amusing situations and by his clever acting he kept his audience sympathetic participants in his mirth. Lorraine Kattau and Lucille Cordes, the Misses Wetherell, were indeed typical spinisters whose hearts were full of dread lest they fail to measure up and they played their parts excellently.

Other members of the cast who helped straighten out the many tangles of a honeymoon in which the bride and new Lady of the House of Bantock had to face the difficulties of having as her servants twenty-three of her own kinsmen, were: Raymond Rawitsch, Ruth Craig, Annette Partlow, Wilhelmina Maas and Emory Baxter. The chorus girls included Josephine Schmidt, Hertha Schotters, Frances Hunt, Mildred Heller, Clara Lawler, Elizabeth Wheat, Maude Duncan, Helen Trent Amelia Byle, Garford Sperlin and Elizabeth Hudson.



The vocational English III's were discussing methods used by labor unions to keep in touch with their members. Edward Gaumer's theme announced that "one measure is to use pantlets."



Mademoiselle Renard: Did you put acute accent on "moi"?
Monsieur York: What do you mean by a cute accent?

The Fate of Lord Kitchener

(Prize Story)

In the course of perfecting coherence of action among the Allies, Great Britain lost her greatest military figure of modern times, Field Marshal Lord Horatio Herbert Kitchener, British Secretary of War. Although it was illustrative of the far-spread nature of this war that this soldier whose fame had been won in South Africa should meet an inglorious death in the icy seas off the Orkneys, those who best knew the facts of the sinking of the Hampshire are inclined to doubt the belief of the British authorities that the K. of K., as the men in the street loved too call him in abbreviation of his earlier title, Lord Kitchener of Kartoum, has met death in that way. In fact many do not believe that he has met death at all. The most realistic, the most likely story of Lord Kitchener is that of a prisoner of war who has recently been released from a German prison camp on the Rhine frontier. The following is the Tommie's story which we are inclined to believe as the true solution to the mystery of the disappearance of Lord Kitchener:

"In the early days of the war, when our own 'Little Con-temptibles' were stubbornly resisting the first vigorous onslaughts of the Hun, Russia was organizing her forces for an attack on the eastern front in an effort to draw the German attention from the west. Before the war it was doubted whether Russia's vast armies could be mobilized and brought together in one great force of destruction. This doubt, however, was soon forgotten when British aid was sent. English officers were detailed to Russia to aid in the training and moving of troops. Among the last of the officers to go was our party on the Hampshire. It was on this voyage that 'the man of Iron' himself was to go to the Russian capital to consult about operations in Poland and Galicia.

"The Hampshire slipped quietly out from the Scottish coast and proceeded on its way. There was little apprehension of danger on board the ship. We were steaming along the west coast of Orkneys when, at a most unexpected moment the Hampshire struck a mine and began to sink rapidly. I managed to escape from the sinking vessel in a life-boat with three seamen. We kept watch all morning for any passing vessel that might pick us up. About noon one of the seamen sighted a raft in the distance. I took out my glasses which I had happened to have in my pocket when I left the Hampshire. Finding the raft, I perceived that there were two men on it. They were both in uniform, but I could not make out their

rank. One was tall and presented a striking figure against the horizon as he stood erect, watching out over the sea.

"A cold feeling came over me—I stood looking intently at the figure. It was the first I had thought of Lord Kitchener since the sinking of the Hampshire. The excitement had been too great to allow one to think of others. The question came to mind—'What has happened to Lord Kitchener? Was he drowned in the icy waters of the Orkneys? Was the tall figure on the raft that of Lord Kitchener? If so, what would become of him? Who could take his place, who would bring the war to a successful end?' I spoke to the seamen and asked them to look at the figure on the raft. They expressed surprise and consternation when I told them that Lord Kitchener had been on the Hampshire. Because of the secrecy surrounding his going they had not known he was on the vessel.

"The sea was very choppy and the breakers came over the deck of our boat, drenching us to the skin. The waters of the Orkneys are not very pleasant at any time when you are out in an open boat, and, as the weather had been particularly uncomfortable of late, we found ourselves in a cold, unpleasant arctic region, drenched through and weak from exposure, with no possible way to obtain assistance except by a passing steamer. These were few and far between at this time because of the danger of the sneaking, stealthful U-boat which was ever lurking around to inflict the cruel and terrible vengeance of a nation gone mad in its destruction of peaceful merchant-men and citizens. The most likely vessel to pick us would be one of these assassins of the sea or some other warship—possibly an enemy vessel.

"We exerted every effort to row over to the raft, the occupants of which had seen us by this time, but in our weakened condition we could no more reach it than, had it been the coast of England. By the time we had gone the first third of the way we had all taken turns at the oars and were so nearly exhausted that our united efforts—had we had enough oars—could not have taken us half so far again.

"I kept a close watch on the raft and its occupants as it drifted farther and farther away from us. I especially took notice of the tall, stately figure, who I had reason to believe, was Lord Kitchener. Finally, the raft became so indistinct that she could hardly be distinguished, except at intervals, when a wave would raise her higher than usual.

"Night was coming fast upon us. I watched the sun set over the horizon with dread. The situation was unbearable—watching the sun set for probably the last time in life, think-

ing what suffering the next day might bring—should I live through the night. The three sailors were in no less uneasy condition than I. One of them, the older, who was probably about sixty-five, lost strength rapidly, and became delirious. The poor fellow cried in his delirium, and spoke of his wife and children back in England. The rest of us were silent—the old man's words had brought a new line of thought to us—the thought of home, of our dear ones, and old England.

"The night progressed and the wind rose. It increased alarmingly. The breakers rolled over the side of our boat, making it necessary for us to be bailing water continuously.

"The old seaman, who had been ill in the afternoon, became weaker and weaker, until, a little before sunrise, he died. We buried him in the sea.

"The morning came and with it the storm. We could see no more of the raft of the day before. The storm was gaining huge proportions and we were constantly in danger of being swallowed up by the waves.

"We had all given up hope of rescue and were huddled uncomfortably in the bottom of the boat when we were startled by coarse voices and angry shouts, almost upon us. I jumped up and looked around me. A boat with six sailors in German uniform were coming rapidly upon us. Would they kill us? Would they torture us in their cruel way? Probably the same thoughts were running through my companions' minds. Well, they were here, and we must accept whatever came.

"We were soon on the German vessel, a small destroyer. After being locked in a little damp, underwater room containing one bunk and two chairs, an officer came to down talk to us. He was an old man and spoke good English. He talked freely and not too unpleasantly. He told us frankly that the Germans had known when Lord Kitchener was to sail, and were prepared for him. I asked him if he thought Lord Kitchener could have been picked up but he refused to answer.

"Early in the afternoon two sailors came in and took out my two companions. I never saw them afterward.

"I lay awake almost all that night. Early the next morning I was attracted by sounds and voices in the next room. I went over to the wall and listened. A rough voice called out in English, "Heat him up a little, Bill, then he'll remember". It was evident there was struggling and much commotion in the next room. I searched the wall. Finding a place where I could see through, I observed a man, the man I must have seen standing on the raft, lying face down on a long table, stripped to the waist. A large furnace door was

flung open and a man was heating an iron poker in the fire.

"The man on the table was raised up and an officer approached him. His back was turned toward me but I was positive that he could be none other than Lord Kitchener. His build, his height and size all helped to confirm this impression. And as he turned his head slightly, I saw his mustache—Lord Kitchener's mustache. He had iron gray hair. He sat in a defiant, fearless and military manner. Surely this was Lord Kitchener—did not the German officer act queerly and refuse to answer when I asked about him? Undoubtedly these Huns were trying to get information from him and were threatening him with torture if he should refuse to give it to them.

"A sailor came into my room with some food, making it necessary for me to leave the place where I was looking. After he left I hurried back to the wall. The Huns had dragged Lord Kitchener to another part of the room and were cruelly beating him. They dragged him to the furnace door and told him he had better answer. He grimly shook his head and the German with the iron rod branded him with the red hot iron. As I stood there I wondered if it were possible that there could be any limits to the cruelty of these men.

"The Germans left the room. Fearing that they would come into the room where I was confined and discover that I had been watching them, I hurried over to the plate of food the sailor had left me and began to eat. The next time I went to the wall the room was empty.

"Presently the whistle on the boat blew and two men came into my room. They bound me hand and foot and carried me up on deck. We were in Germany! I was taken out of the vessel and put on a truck with a number of wounded and half-starved prisoners of war, mostly Belgians. I was taken to a prison camp on the Rhine frontier and thence to a dungeon in an old castle which was used for military purposes during the war.

"My dungeon was a small cell in under the structure. It was stone on three sides and the fourth was only of timbers, hastily put up, dividing the prison into a number of cells. Nothing out of the ordinary happened for about three days. Then, there was a great deal of moving about in the next room of the dungeon. Looking through the board partition, I saw some workmen. They were dividing the small cells again into halves to accommodate other prisoners. I learned afterward that only those prisoners from whom they hoped to obtain information were confined in this castle.

"That evening I was moved into one of these smaller cells and the one in which I had been was also divided.

"The next day three more prisoners were brought into the dungeon. One was confined in the room next to mine, but I could not see him plainly because of the darkness. We were told that we would be interviewed by officers the next morning. This brought back the thought of Lord Kitchener, and the affair on the destroyer. I shuddered at the memory and spent an uneasy night.

"The following day the officers came. First they visited was the cell next to my own. I saw three officers high in command, and not three feet from me with his back turned was the tall man I had seen on the raft and in the destroyer. He was questioned, but on finding that they could not make him tell anything of value, the officers became angry.

"They drew back to a corner of the cell and conferred in an undertone. Then one of them stepped forward and said, in a loud voice, presumably to frighten the other prisoners, 'It is the will of our exalted Emperor and esteemed Monarch that those persons—however high in position—that refuse to obey his command, and defy his unquestionable power and sovereignty should die a death unsurpassed by any in its horror and terrible suffering. Just as God has prepared a terrible death for those who disobey Him, and everlasting life for his faithful servants—the Kaiser endeavors to establish a government in the world of peace and prosperity for those who obey and serve him and a frightful death for those who refuse to do his will. You, Kitchener of England, are condemned to die!'

"After the officer had said this, he ordered Lord Kitchener taken to the place of execution. Whatever this place may have been, whatever Lord Kitchener may have suffered, we may never know; but this we do know, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, England's man of iron, died a martyr for England, for the cause of liberty, for the whole world."

George Strassler.



Friend of the Kirschmans: I see that Forest is pursuing his studies at Tech.

Mr. Kirschman (regretfully): He must be, he's always behind.

What Became of Lord Kitchener?

(Second Prize Story)

Karl Wirtz, a captain of the first Pomeranian Reserve Regiment, while out on parole, strayed into a French trench near Verdun. He was immediately disarmed and taken to the rear after being searched. Among the papers found on his person was an unfinished letter, of which I give the translation.

My Dear Mother: I am sending this letter by Max Gartner, who is going home to train recruits; therefore I know it will not be censored. I can now explain fully why I was so suddenly commissioned and the numerous accidents which fell to my lot afterward. I will give my experience in that eventful month of June, 1916, in diary rather than letter form.

June 6th. I have been promoted to Feldwebel-offizierstellverteter and notified of my transfer to Spandau, a secondary fort near Kiel.

June 10th. I have arrived at Spandau and reported to my new commander, Hauptmann von Richter. He personally conducted me over the fort. From his account, in medieval days the very name of Spandau was a synonym of reproach, and grim tales were whispered of the cruelties practiced within the walls. Indeed as if to corroborate the stories, Spandau returns a torture chamber and a set of dungeons that, the Hauptmann informs me, can be flooded by pressing a button in his room. Outside of a few other anachronisms the equipment is thoroughly modern.

June 12th. The Hauptmann is in a bad humor evidently as a result of news received during the night. All day he paced the walls looking toward the road.

June 13th. Late last night an automobile drew up before the gates of the fort. I, as a officer of the guard, hastened to meet the car. Three men got out of it and one who wore the coveted high red collar of the general staff of an officer of the Great General Staff asked for Hauptmann von Richter. I had barely replied when I was aware of the Hauptmann at my elbow.

"What is it?" demanded the Hauptmann testily.

The man stepped up to him and whispered in his ear. Instantly von Richter became abject, particularly toward the two other men. Both wore long coats with collars turned up rendering identification impossible. The Hauptmann turned to me. "Feldwebel, escort the guests to my quarters and see

that the dungeons are fit for use." Now what did he mean by that?

June 14th. The guests were up early this morning and entered the torture chamber. The door leading to chamber was locked and I could have sworn I heard groans.

June 15th. Eureka! I have solved the mystery! At sunset the party came down from the torture chamber. Apparently two of the men were supporting a third, who wore a long coat. A sudden gust of wind blew back his collar exposing a high powerful profile. Instantly I had placed him. It was Lord Kitchener! How he had got there was only a matter of surmise to me.

June 16th. Two men of the party departed today. Close observation convinced me that Kitchener was not one of them.

June 17th. The Hauptmann summoned me early today and announced that I was transferred to the western front and that I should prepare to travel at once. While in his room I looked about carefully and when he left the room to get a railroad schedule, I took the liberty of examining the floor. Only one suspicious spot I found and that was enough to settle all doubts in my mind. It was a small brown stain and the floor bore evidence of a recent scrubbing and sandpapering. I have no doubt but that the party had used violent measures in an attempt to make Kitchener reveal some of Britain's war secrets and since he remained adamant to torture it was commanded by higher authority to kill him. The gods of the machine, not being given to confiding in their slaves—

Here the letter breaks off. Probably then he was sent on the patrol that ended in his capture.

Robert Garrison.



NO SUCH LUCK

As the French class rushed for the door at the end of the period, Miss Renard announced, "Pour demain nous aurons nos lettres". (For tomorrow we will have our letters.) Writing letters had been the assignment for that day. Carroll Warrick caught the last two words.

"No letters! Ah, that's well." joyously exclaimed Carroll.



BASKETBALLERS.

Clarence Drayer simply was big-boy all round on the basketball team. He could hit the net for a good many points almost at will and handle his "six foot o' man" with what seemed a particularly well balanced mind. He was a clean player of rare quality but was often put out because the referee thought that he was fouling (just because his arms wound around the smaller players). We are certain that he will make a state name for himself next season.

Captain Dwight Renfrew was one of the best shots around. Because of his light weight some of the heavier players worked him overtime by tossing him around from a good position where a larger player could have made the shot. It is a shame he is leaving Tech because in the mental scale he was one of the weightiest members of the team.

George Seidensticker was a man who could cover more territory than two players usually can. He was acting captain the first of the season and at the sectional. There were few men around who could stop him from dribbling through for a short pass. He was never out of place with his team or his friends, though occasionally he caused some enthusiastic fan a severe twist of tongue to keep from getting stuck an the "sticker."

Haldane Griggs was one of the liveliest players seen on local floors this season.. His headwork was marvelous. His control of himself and of the ball on a pass or a long throw won several games by a breath-taking margin. He was a man to whom all looked in a tight play and he was the one who came through seemingly impregnable defenses. Fortunately he will be with us next year.

Duane Hawkins was a tall stone wall to the player who attempted an "easy throw" from under the basket. Many boys have run against him after apparently breaking through the defense for a two-point score and given up hope. He made several long throws that surprised the spectators and showed that he would undoubtedly be floor-guard next year.

Dwight Mendenhall was rather unlucky. He took the "flu"

and was out right when the team was getting some of its best practice; but he dropped balls in from any angle when points were needed and played a fine game all season. He surely was popular with fans of high-pitched voices as well as with the other players.

Albert Slaughter had bad luck all around too, but played a stellar game when he did go on the floor.

Ivan Overman came from the army with some good soldierly spirit and strength gained by many months of tough beef and army beans. He played a fast game although he didn't get a chance to perform very often. He was a real sport and won the confidence of all his associates. His jovial talk helped to hold the men together and tide them over an adverse position many times.

Maurice Ralph seemed to be pursued by a jinx that followed him the whole season. First he was ineligible and then as soon as his work came up to standard, he suffered an attack of "flu." He could stand guard, take the tip-off at center, and shoot at forward equally well. He has another chance next season to shake the jinx and hold down a steady job on the floor. Here's to his luck and that of the whole team next season.



Twilight

(Prize Poem)

I stood on the campus at twilight,
As the old clock struck the hour,
And the sun dropped back of the woodland,
Behind the Arsenal tower.

And I saw her bright reflection
In the rosy hues that flee,
Like rose-gold essence of sunshine,
Preceding the darkness to be.

I saw the day fade into twilight,
'Twas the end of a goodly day;
May my life be likewise as perfect,
When I reach the end of the way.

Doris Dean Carr.





Second Basketball Team



Tarantella (Italian Dance)

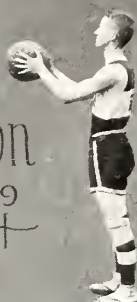


Mr. Gorman
Manager



Mr. Krickenberger
Coach

SEASON 1918-19 TECH



Renfrew
Forward



Drayer
Center



Seidenslicker
Guard



Overman
Forward



Griggs
Guard

Hawkins
Guard



Day
Forward



Mendenhall
Forward



Ralph
Center



Slaughter
Forward



GIRL'S BASKET BALL TEAM

Annette Partlow, who was captain of the Greens, is a star center and floor guard. Her good playing is sometimes attributed to the inspiration of one masculine player among the spectators.

Ruth Craig's guarding is strong, a fact which some forwards can verify. The thought of those flowers which she is going to get strengthens her guarding as well as her spirit.

Ella Buenting puts on a good game as guard. She doesn't always clinch her fist and grit her teeth as she did at the monogram game.

May Shimer has a good basket eye which some people say she got from one of the former players on our basketball squad.

Grace Harboldt plays a good game at center. "Hit that ball" is her motto and she follows it to the last toss-up.

Charlotte McGinley's guarding is fine. She can easily and effectually stop any attempt at basket shooting.

Regina Ries' basket shooting is good. Being an all-round athlete she can easily make a success of this.

Margaret Strassler makes a fine forward. Luck is always with her when she shoots for a basket.

Marie George, who was captain of the Whites, is a successful player.

Mildred Heller plays a fast game full of pep.

Goddess of Spring Pageant



1. Some Flowers and Butterflies.
2. Principal characters and solo dancers.
3. Entire cast of pageant.
4. East Winds, North Winds, Rain and Snow.
5. Autumn, Sun and Leaves. (Snowflakes in the background.)



AS THEY ARE RECORDED.

Official Title	Christened	Record
Davy	Harold E. Day	Dash Man, 220 in 22.4 Relay
Dearie	Russell Deer	Shot Put
Shorty	Clarence Drayer	Pole Vault High Jump
Hal	Haldane Griggs	Hurdles Shot Pnt
Tommy	Maurice Greenburg	Broad Jump Miles
Hawkie	Duane Hawkins	Half Mile Relay
Rog	Roger Hay	High and Low Hurdles
Ott	Otto Markott	High Jump
Jimmie	James Maxwell	Mile
Craw	Crawford Mott	Half Mile Captain of Squad
Larry	Laurence Neidlinger	Dashes Relay
Scheithe	Harold Scheithe	Quarter Mile
Scottie	George Scott	Dashes
Striny	Harry Wheeler	Broad Jump Quarter Mile
Woodsy	Byron Woods	Quarter Mile

OUR TRACK TEAM.

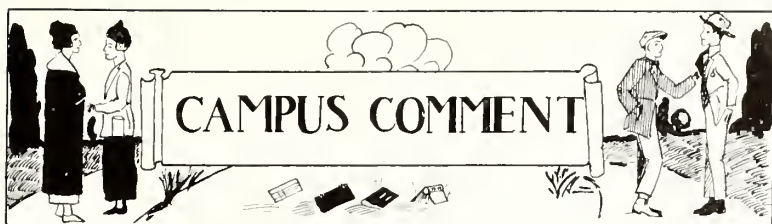
The track men of the school have had a splendid season this year. They have lost only one dual meet. Many of last year's men were back and training went with a spurt throughout the whole season. First the team defeated Crawfordsville, Anderson, and then Shortridge and Richmond. It took its only defeat from Manual, but outclassed Brownsburg. Then the schedule ended with Tech's victory over Frankfort and Greenwood. With our record clear we hoped to defeat Rushville and Shelbyville but on account of the weather the meet was called off, leaving us only the Sectional to meet. There our iron was tested. Nine of our men passed muster and were admitted to the State Meet.



Scarf Dancers at Monogram Game

The slow chords of a minuet were heard in the Gym. Malone Sides, who had recently finished reading "The House of Seven Gables" sat wrapped in the charms of the enchanting sound. "Is that a harpsicord?" she whispered in an awestricken voice.

"No," came the reply from a less appreciative companion, "That's a discord."



We knew "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" was tongue twisting, but not until Lawrence Lang kept saying "If equals equals equals equals" when he tried to give an axiom, did we find out that there were geometric rules which furnished capital tongue exercise.



Have the boy scouts at last resorted to kilties? Louis Harris explained that girls without suits who would go on scout duty during the parade Welcome Home Day could use all the boy scouts' uniform except their skirts.



We sadly fear that the senior play has afforded John Sterling an opportunity to become proficient in the use of his legs. Its a dangerous practice, John.



We hope the teacher who is always talking about the spiritual, and about how much higher thought is than material things, will go to market sometime.



Was it a mistake in the character addressed or did Loraine Kattau really intend to call Emory Baxter "dear" one time at play rehearsal?



"A rolling stone gathers no moss" we know, but nevertheless, Fred Braden's car gathers a certain crowd when it spins townward.



Tennis shoes are decidedly fashionable, or comfort is Elouise Russ "all over." She pussyfoots to all her classes in them.



We refer the pupil to the dictionary, who wrote "seaman's tones" instead of "divers tones" when he quoted Tennyson.



We don't see why May Shimer should portray Rain; it has been nearly a year since he went away.



We are glad that the girls in the butterfly dance confined the rosy hues to their costumes.

Roses (but we grabbed the stems)

An observer of the work (?) in the auto shops would think the students were learning how to get autos ready for the repair shop rather than learning how to fix them after they came out of the shops.

Now that the Art department has made the skirts of the pageant dancers touch the ground it is further suggested that they hold them down with lead "sinkers" like they use on a scene.

When Walter Shirley gets into the municipal hotel on Twenty-first street, he will need all the gavel-swinging experience he may get as president of the January '20 class.

After the way in which Clarence Drayer picked up Loraine Mueller, we have solved the mystery of how he gets in communication with his short friends.

Harold Woody, after giving an exceptionally poor recitation in expression ended appropriately with the words of the book, "——— this was awful."

On being questioned as to what part Dick Stegmeier had in the pageant, a bright feminine admirer gushed: "Oh! He's Apella."

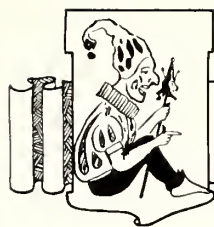
A student suggests that Mr. Lageman feed them something less hot than thatfruit (?) which bares the same name as his subject.

We are sure Emory Baxter would do more plates in mechanical drawing if he just fastened the pencil to his lower jaw.

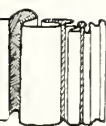
No doubt Davy's record-breaking ability would please Mrs. Coons more if it would extend to his algebra lesson.

After this semester of singing commands to his company, John Miller will be a rival of the great Caruso.

When it comes to cigarettes in athletics, three (Lucky) Strikes and you are out.



JOKES



Miss Lane: Have you read Pudd'nhead Wilson?

Robert Thatcher: No, anyhow you can't believe these tales the Republicans are circulating about the President.



Captain Miller (on downtown street): Why didn't you salute me?

John Wright: Well you know I never was really introduced to you Captain.



Neal Benson: I'm going out tonight and blow my head off.
Solicitous friend: What's the matter, disappointed in love?
"Benny:" No, I'm going to pay my saxophone at a concert tonight.



Newell Green: I have a terrible cold.

Lucille Eberhart: It's a wonder you haven't pneumonia. There's so much of you lying on the ground.



Mildred Stiltz: We are going to build a new house and the men have started to execute the cellar.



Joke Assistant: What do you want me to do to these jokes?

Joke Editor: Copy them.

Assistant: What for?

Editor: Oh, put them on another paper where there is room to label them jokes. (Too true!)



Lieutenant McAllister: I'll have to give you some demerits for talking.

Private: You will: I'll see you outside about that.

Lieutenant: Orderly, find out what kind of flowers this man prefers.



Mr. Carroll was asked one day if he had ever read the book of Sampson in the Bible. Thoughtfully but hesitatingly he said he thought he knew the story of Samson but he could not recall the book.

(There's a reason! The Bible has no such book.)

Said the nature study pupil, "How long does it take the June bug to become a June bug?"

Now did she mean the small non-flirtatious, wormy kind or the June bug whose last name is Cawgin? If the latter, it took about seventeen years.



A friend said to Ted Campbell, "You look worse scared than when you asked the Commandant for a week's furlough. What's the matter?"

And Ted answered, "Oh, I couldn't get my work finished for the first period and I have to ask Miss Stoy for a part-time absence."



Mr. Hoffman to little freshie: "Well have you decided to do your bit and raise a garden?"

Freshie: "Well, sir, I had decided to raise potatoes but on reading up on the subject I found that they must be planted in hills and our yard is perfectly flat."



Follies of 1919,

The flu mask
Office tardy records
Better English week
Lunch the last period
History lectures in M. T.
One thousand "Office" signs
Election of president of January '20 class
Attempts to keep machine shop teachers



As fast as Jimmie Maxwell runs the mile, you would think he had been in the A. E. F. following up a German.



The next question is, "Since when did the fresh air student enter the Tech activities?" (See girls in pageant).



"Next stop is yo' station," said the pullman porter. "Shall I brush yo' off now?"

"No," said the passenger. "When the train stops, I'll step off."



Mr. G. (Grabbing frisky freshman by the shoulder in lunch line): "I believe Satan has a hold on you."

Freshman: "I believe he has."

We think some kind hearted senior might have willed Don McCollough some information on the subject "How to Avoid Bashfulness."



It is evident that Neal Carter appreciates a joke of his self-appreciation.



According to Carl Law, Stevenson's "Treasure Island" was written by Jack London.



Paul Graves says that there must be an epidemic of lockjaw going among the self pronouncing dictionaries, as he hasn't heard one of them pronounce a word this term.



Miss Gore was vainly trying to recall Benjamin Franklin to her pupils' mind. "Surely you remember the boy who walked down the street with all of his clothes stuck in his pockets."



YE SONS OF REST.

Colors—Rainbow Hue.

Mascot—Snail.

Flower—Century Plant.

Motto—We have the time but not the energy.

Officers.

Herbert Lamb, Treasurer (no duties); Harold Day, Vice-Treasurer; Robert Becherer, Secretary; Ray Holtman, Vice-Secretary; Ray Rawitsch, Orator; Francis Elmendorf, assistant.

Member.

Charles Walker.

Pledges.

John Wright, Conrad Rucklehaus.

History.

This organization was founded in 13 B. C. and has been an enormous success ever since. It is, in fact, a national organization and the above mentioned is the only "Take it E-Z" chapter. This chapter was established at Tech with the advent of Fred Braden, the president. During the late war period their enrollment was greatly depleted, many of their former members being awakened by the government.



ALUMNI



FOREWORD: Catherine Carr is the person to whom credit should be given for the idea of compiling Alumni news to be published in this issue of the CANNON. A Committee sent out questionnaires as a means of gathering in the news, addressed so that each and every graduate would have an opportunity to send in news of himself and others. The results have been splendid, but not one hundred per cent. So if there is not an item concerning some special person it is either the fault of an incorrect address or the person's failure to return the card on time.

Errata: Alumni Notes for June 1917

Will McCullough was in Purdue S. A. T. C.

Paul Singleton, private in 113th regiment of United States Engineers, is stationed at Toul, France.

CLASS OF JUNE 1915.

Those who are filling their minds with knowledge are Hazel Herman at Teachers' College, Indianapolis; Ida Hurt, at Butler College and Lois Stone at Northwestern University.

Dorothy Carey and Mary McPheeters are struggling with pupils in the Indianapolis grade schools. Francetta Waddy is teaching at Tuscola, Illinois.

Fay Douglas (Vandawork) and Bertha Ruby (Van Arsdell) are real for sure married women now.



Olympian Contest—Girl's Monogram Series

Those in Service—and how proud we are of them—are Donald Durman in Indiana S. A. T. C.; Charles Maxwell Baker in Butler S. A. T. C. Infantry; Newell Hall in 28th Artillery, A. E. F.; Frank Sullivan, 139th Field Artillery.

JANUARY 1916.

Esther Amick, who by the way deserves to be called "Miss," is in civil service work at Washington, D. C. Genevieve Wiese is cashier for the Massachusetts Life Insurance Co.; Mildred Goldberger is doing clerical work.

Neal Brigham is exhibiting his teaching abilities at Indianapolis Radio Army School; Hazel Barrows is a Commercial teacher at the Waynetown high school.

Martha Huff (F. F. Schroeder) and Genevieve Anthony (J. Schumacker) are married.

We are informed that Elizabeth Collins is at home doing nothing.

Those in Service are Herbert Dux, S. A. T. C., Illinois University; Earl Pangborn, S. A. T. C., Butler College; George Lawler, Base Hospital, Camp Taylor; James Scott, Navy; Arnold Schnepel, 113th Engineers, A. E. F.

JUNE 1916.

This class can certainly boast of having many of its members in the business world. Ruth Stewart, Elizabeth Scott, Fernetta Mullen, Marjorie Killie, Fern Gloyd, Ruth Eberhardt, Helen Arthur and Loraine Free are stenographers. Mary Jordan is at Mrs. Herriott's and Sons.

At present Jean Heller is clerk at the Telephone Co. She attended Normal one year and taught one term. That was enough, was it not? Louis Heitkam is a bank bookkeeper. Mildred Durbin is stenographer for Director of Finance, Washington, D. C. Hazel Baker is in the office of Charles Mayer & Co. Robert Morris is a traffic engineer. Edna Tayne



Fern Fear
Margurite Parsons

The First Alumni Baby



Mary Frances Schroeder
daughter of
Mrs. Fred F. Schroeder
(Martha Huff)
Jan. '16 Class



Gertrude and
Edna Stephens



Vivian Yeager



Marie Kubler



Ada M. Harrington



Helen M. Pheeters
Mary M. Pheeters



Merle Hickhorn



Bessie I. Mayer



Alice E. Avery



Freda Nolting

Alumni



Margaret Porteous

is a saleslady. Paul Heath is in Detroit, where during the war he made Liberty Motors. Clarence Amos is a receiving manager, Alta Hartley, a laboratory assistant, and E. J. Clark is in Washington, where so many of Tech's former students have gone during wartime. There he is a patent draftsman and searcher.

Lucille Mower is still seeking more knowledge in the science department of Chicago University of Chicago.

Those of this class who teach are Harriet Kahler, librarian at Tech (how she must love the old school); Julia Shea, Ridgeville, Indiana; Mabel McAhren, and Martha Hollan.

Cupid has trapped Jessie Marie Mauzy (O. D. Wells) and Mildred Hiatt (H. Murray).

Marjorie Hunt is at home getting ready for a wedding soon, so we hear.

Those in service are Russell Koehler, S. A. T. C., Butler; Robert Lowes, Leo Samuels, and Fred Bakemeyer, S. A. T. C., DePauw; Thomas Harrison and Robert Vehling, S. A. T. C., Purdue; Harold Bossingham, 113th Supply Train; Ralph Shimer Ft. Sheridan, Ill.; Winters Fehr, Earl Wise, and Albert Dougherty, Base Hospital No. 32.

JANUARY 1917.

In business: Hildred Bell and Mary Williams have adopted the typewriter and are now stenographers in stern business offices. Ethel Coffey seems to stick to the school book idea and is now pouring over books in a thriving office. Edgar Speece and Frank Lee have fallen before the click of the silver. Edgar is a collector (not of stamps) and Frank is a bank clerk. Students: Florence Buenting, who is at Butler, and Fern Fear at Central University retain the same studious nature.

Teachers: Helen Drake teaches Techonians to paint and play with clay in Tech's Art Department. Mary Ferris and Helen Schwartz are teaching in Indianapolis schools, having attended the Indianapolis Normal after graduation.

Married: Esther Wood has answered the call of Dan Cupid and has become Mrs. Stephen R. Smock.

In Service: Dallas Crooke, Roy Magruder, Earl Moore, Herbert Bader, Wayne McMeans, Wilbur Igleman and Fred Griggs have been in the Purdue S. A. T. C. Fred McDonald has been in the University of Illinois S. A. T. C. Harold Kottau was in the Indiana University S. A. T. C. Sidney Daily and Russell Durler have been in the Purdue naval unit. Garland Farmer was classed in the January 1917 CANNON as having a

hobby for butterflies. Garland has tried the butterfly stunt and has seen fifteen months of foreign service with the Naval Air Service at South Hampton, England, Ile Tudy, France and Balsena, Italy. While in service in the United States he was stationed at Pensacola, Florida.

June 1917.

In Business: Margaret Bond, Helen Bushong, Frances Hanna, Gertrude Stephens and Mabel Zinc are in offices hearing typewriters click. Helen Brown has done stenography work in Indianapolis and Chicago. Helen Lipps and Cora Moorman are working in the Pennsylvania R. R. Office. Vera Merz has worked at L. S. Ayres, The Vacuum Oil Co., and Nordyke & Marmon's plant since graduation. Anna Negley has a position as stenographer for her father. Doris Stewart is working for the H. Lauter Co., and Lois Stewart is with the Bobbs-Merrill Co.; Mary Lawler is a Record Clerk, Alice Avery is a clerk with the Seaboard Railway. Katherine Boggs has also taken a clerk's position. Mildred Smith is in the millinery business. Forest Morgan is in the insurance business and pays when your house burns down. Catherine Carr is doing clerical work with the Geo. Hitz Co.; Evelyn Littell is order clerk and typeist at the G. & J. Tire Co.; Josephine Mahaffey at the Indianapolis News sees the source of the material before the editor does. Kathryn Warren is cashier's clerk at the Pennsylvania Freight Station. Arline Webster handles the "iron wheels" as payroll distribution clerk at the Diamond Chain Co. Margaret Shea is working as stenographer in Washington, D. C. Helen Algeo has a valued position as Private Secretary. Earl Stephenson is the bookkeeper at the Sterling Laundry. Edward Hartlauf is a civil engineer trying to find how many bricks East Tenth Street needs. Ruth Wolfred and Clyde McVey state that they are now draftsmen. Perhaps some day we will go into that twenty-five story building and see a bronze tablet "This building constructed under the plans of Wolfred and McVey, Architects, 9-10 Garmer Building, Indianapolis, Indiana."

Students: Elinor Carpenter is posting at Tech. Luella Agger, Caroline McMath and Helen Resener are in Indiana University. Alma Bills, Virginia Brackett, Martha Updegraff and Josephine Wooling are attending Butler. Evelyn Culbertson is at Monmouth College, Illinois. Harold Goldberg is attending Purdue. Esther Wood has been studying voice culture.

Mary Louise Weibel is teaching at school No. 36. Helen McPheeters and Sadie Kauttel attended Indianapolis Normal

and are now teaching. Viola Swain is teaching in Indianapolis but states very firmly that she is "not too teachery to dance." Mary Mitchell is now on the faculty of the College of Music and Fine Arts. Barbara Peden is also a real teacher.

Those who have taken one of the more important steps in life are Gladys Front (McGowen), who was married July 22, 1917. Edna Jacobs, now Mrs. Oscar Ries—this is to be remembered as the first inter-Tech marriage. Rachel Todd is now Mrs. Lloyd S. Wright and Emly Shugert, now Mrs. G. R. Clapp.

In Service: Walter Portteus and Frederick Nessler were at Ft. Sherman, Illinois. Forrest Nutt, Abram Lorber, Jack in Purdue S. A. T. S. Huston Meyers was in Butler S. A. T. C. Lester Little was in service but does not state at what place. Edward O'Connor and Edward Doyle were in S. A. T. C. at Notre Dame. Wilbur Hessong was in S. A. T. C. at DePauw. Frances Shoppenhorst cared for the sick in the hospital section at Notre Dame. Elmer Wiebke was in S. A. T. C. at Taylor University. Joseph Sims attended the Miami S. A. T. C. Joseph Watkins has seen foreign service with Signal Corps. Harry Tomlinson has been in France since June 1918, but on May 13, 1919 a telegram was received stating that Harry had landed in this country. Oakleigh French was in the Miami Corps. Harry Brown was with the Ambulance Corps overseas. Charles Richart was with the Navy; Glen Bertels in the 37th Field Artillery; William Henley, overseas with the well known 150th Field Artillery. Kenneth Jefferies was one of the few Marines chosen to escort President Wilson to France on the George Washington.

Jack Haymaker says it is a public secret that Dal Crooke is engaged.

Raymond Wood is now out of the S. A. T. C. and working at the Puritan Bed Spring Co. We imagine that Raymond is resting easily, as usual.

January 1918.

This proud class has many representatives in the business world. Dorothy Orr is in the office of the Reserve Loan Life Insurance Co. Charles Smith is in charge of the third floor of Hurst and Company. Vivian Webster, although working for Spann & Co., says that nothing exciting has happened since graduation. (What about Bob?) Elizabeth Vial is a stenographer at the State House. Gladys McNinch is a clerk at present but has been in nurse training since graduation. Hazel Davis is with the Mutual Life Insurance Co. George

Class is an architectural draftsman; Mary Chambers, a bank clerk; Kathryn Breedlove, auditor for Bobbs-Merrill Co.; Gerald McShane, a salesman, and Charles Sipe is a manufacturing jeweler. We hope that he is going to the Netherlands to buy diamonds. Ralph Reidy is a motor tester. He says that he "got married" since he graduated. Why not tell us her name, Ralph? Helen Meunier, Lois Hanks and Edna Jefferson are stenographers.

Marie Thale, Lola Miller and Josephine L. Lapham are at Butler. Margaret Pearsons is at Indiana University.

Bessie Mayer, Edna Sonnefield, and Rosemary Kalb are teaching in the city schools.

Golden and Gladys Berryman, the famous twins, are at home.

Charles Brant is in the U. S. Navy. He was on the U. S. S. Benmah, a destroyer operated in the North Sea for five months. Leroy Langdon was in the navy hospital, Hampton Roads, Va. Stewart Maxwell is in the U. S. Navy Radio Section; Raymond Ping, Harold McCord, S. A. T. C., Purdue; and Alva Tuttle, S. A. T. C., Butler.

June 1918.

Lewis Brown is in business—that is, he is a clerk in an office. Lucile Clemans is a saleslady at Goldstein Bros.; Clara Connor, a telephone operator and Myrtle Freeberg is a stenographer at the Keyless Lock Co. Marjorie Freeman is doing clerical work. Harry Rosnagel is assistant treasurer at Murat Theatre. Olga Ruehl is a stenographer for the Indian Refining Co. Anna Shingler is stenographer at the Kiefer Stewart Co. Elizabeth Spurgeon is doing clerical work at Hoosier Casualty Co. Louise Green is clerk at W. K. Stewart's, and Mary Hale, stenographer at Levey Printing Co.

Robert Walden is a railroad traffic clerk. Elizabeth Harris is doing clerical work in the social service department of Indiana University. Bertha Whitney is a stenotypist (thanks to training at Tech). Bess Hartley is paying teller at the Central Union Telephone Co., (Now we know why young sons beg their mothers to allow them to pay the bills). Vivian Yeager is a telephone operator; Mildred Hiatt, a seamstress; Lewis Horton is a clerk at the Gibson Company; David Jordan, clerk for the Big Four Railroad; Louis Lay, clerk at Nordyke and Marmon; Delbert McVey, machinist helper; Frieda Nolting, a secretary; Helen Prosser, stenographer at Parry Manufacturing Co.; Margaret Portteus, telephone operator; Lucille Reeves, Beulah Salter, Mildred Gahr,

Edna Stephens, Mildred Hoffman, Clara Meyers, and Kathryn Martin are stenographers.

William Gibson is secretary to the superintendent of the Indian Agency in Rosebud, South Dakota. In answer to the question concerning military service he writes: "Because I'm so long and also so thin, they said, 'It's no use, you can't get in.'"

Many of this class are students at the present time, Elizabeth Bates, Dorothy Hiatt, Helen Belle McLean, Beatrice Manifold, Helen Clarke, Adelaide Gastineau, Gladys Bruce, May Bolander, and Millard Ramsey are at Butler; Martin Dickie, University of Michigan; Flora Shattuck, Lake Forest, Ill.; Ruth Phythian, Western College for Women; Dorothy Hood, Carnegie Tech in Pa.; Ada Harrington, Margaret Kiefer, Marie Klingstein, Pauline Smith, Mary Webster, and Fae Youll are learning to teach. We know that Melita Percival and Ruth Petrie are attending college, but where we do not know. Harold Kealing, Richard Stegemier, and Gladys Wonderly think that Tech is too fine a place to desert so suddenly, so at Tech they linger.

Euphemia Howard is teaching in the Indianapolis schools. Myron Huls is a teacher of Manual Training in Springfield, Illinois. Edna Webster and Anna McLean are teaching there, in Indianapolis. Kathleen Palmer is teaching in South Bend.

Dorothy Cole is at home, where we hope she is taking life easily.

June '18 also has an imposing list of those in Service. Herbert Bloemker was in S. A. T. C.; Paul Chevalier, Indiana Dental College; Will DeLaney, S. A. T. C., Franklin College; Hugo Fischer, Frank McConnel, Albert McIlvaine, Earl Perkins, Denton Rowley, Ralph Schad and Oscar Ries in Butler S. A. T. C. Oscar informs us that he was wounded on a tin plate in mess line. Elmer Huber and Harry Woodsmall were in the Purdue Naval Unit; Merle Aichhorn, who was in Red Cross work at Camp Taylor, says on his questionnaire that he desires to be addressed as "Mr." not "Miss." Roy Schoen was in the Marine Corps and William Ash, Field Artillery, Jefferson Barracks.

January 1919.

Although the January 1919 Class was the last to be admitted as Alumni, the members of this class have taken to the business world with the business-like interest that they showed during September, 1919. Katherine Whitely is working

hard; George Burns is a stock keeper using some of his muscles; Wilma Grieshaber is interested in insurance, hence has taken a position in an insurance office. Marion Eaton is doing clerical work in the Township Trustee's office; Otto Buenting is working at the Premier Motor Co.; and Minnie Brown has a clerical position in the Central Business College. Russell Tilton is working for the Indianapolis Light and Heat Co.; Robert Mannfeld is an order clerk at the W. K. Stewart Co. and Martha Kossow is studying figures as an assistant bookkeeper. Helen Clouer is the assistant secretary in the Bogue Institute for Stammering; Gladys Yount, Merle Blocher, Elma Troutman, Mary Boles and Margaret Robertson are working with typewriters in offices. Taylor Patton is a stenographer with the Indiana Tractor Co. Louis Heckman is also striking the keys of a typewriter. Richard Appel is doing some kind of advertising and has not lost that smile. Emily Berry is a telephone operator, Gladys Urban is working in a chemical laboratory and Hallie Sampson is working in a dental laboratory.

Eugene Saltmarsh is doing electrical work at the Merchants Heat and Light Co. Louis Fendler is in Mississippi working as a machinist in a ship yard. Harold Walters is attending Butler College and Katheryn and Mary Ruby are at the Indianapolis Normal. June Larrison, Arthur Krause, Raymond Holtman, Ruth Fillmore, Cora Coombs, Frederick Braden, Robert Becherer, Loraine Mueller and Nathan Rice are posting at Tech.

Vivian Ealand is carrying out her plans in the College of Music and Fine Arts and Ruth Burt is doing the same at the Metropolitan School of Music.

Thelma Cobb, Ruth Jenkins, and Ruth McCormick are studying at home. Edwin McClure doesn't even stay at school but galavants about the country.

WIN THEM
I'll show you how
Lucille Cordes
Radiator, Arsenal Bldg.
Technical

OFFICERS OUTFITTED
Brass buttons, crossed rifles,
puttees, etc.

Baxter
raden
ridges

LEARN
How to get out of
track meet
Gracefully
Chas McLlwane

Treat'em Rough
Assert yourself from the
start. Let the
Wollfey-Wadsworth Company

Show you how

DANSE
Social and Antiseptic
Monsieur Tschaegle
Studio—3 Ballet Row

CAMPING SPACE
in office
Service Guaranteed
Mrs. Harrison

HARMON SHOKE
Private lessons in
How to Conduct a Girl Home
—Modern Way —

EXCUSES
for cutting
Wholesale orders only
McCallister & Baxter

BURGLARING
Done Cheaply
and
Efficiently
Cecil Zinknam
23 Roughneck Alley

“EAT AND GROW THIN”
Illustrated Lectures by
TED CAMPBELL

MONEY INVESTED

75% to 100% loss
guaranteed

JOHN WRIGHT

LESSONS IN BOXING

Lessons in boxing, wrestling,
running, etc.

PARTLOW & DONOVAN

EAT my homemade candy and
you will never try any other
kind.

RUTH CRAIG

READ OUR BOOKS

Lincoln's Gallic War
Life of Ceasar

See our pictures of
Columbus crossing the
Delaware
and

Washington discovering
America

KAHLER & HARTER Co.

CAPTAINS ATTENTION

Lessons in management
of

first sergeants

Let me show you how

Capt Bridges

JOIN

"YE SONS OF REST"

Membership Campaign Now
on. Conducted by

GEN SPRING FEVER

SELL

all your useless property.

Get the best of prices.

RAY RAWITSCH

Auctioneer

House Cleaning
done cheaply

Dish washing and peeling
potatoes a specialty.

KISTNER & PHILIPS